

What If?

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Summary: A series of one-shots about what else could've happened in the HTTYD movie. Different choices, different actions, even the smallest detail can make a big difference.

## 1. Hiccup Had Run Away After The Kill Ring?

**\*\*So this is the very first "What If". Hope you enjoy!\*\***

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><p><span>What If...Hiccup Had Run Away After The Kill Ring?<span>

I stood in front of the closed gates, trying my best to breathe evenly. Anxiety was rising rapidly in my stomach. I could hear everything my dad said, and now I felt like backing out, but I couldn't. I turned to the blonde standing behind me.

"Astrid, if somethingâ€|goes wrong, just make sure they don't find Toothless." I told her.

"I will," The girl agreed. "Just, promise me it won't go wrong." I started to answer, but Gobber approached me.

"It's time, Hiccup." He said. I entered the Kill Ring arena, examining all the faces of the eager Vikings. They chanted my name, and I realized this was what I had always dreamed of.

Not anymore.

I grabbed a small dagger and a shield, and braced myself for what was still to come. "I'm ready." I stated, and the gate opened. A Monstrous Nightmare darted out, flaming, her wicked teeth glinting. She scrambled up the chained roof, and dropped down in front of me. I threw my weapon and shield away, holding out both hands. The spectators' questions to each other reached my ears, but I ignored them.

"It's okay, it's okay." I soothed. I grabbed my helmet from my head with a determined face. "I'm not one of them." I tossed it to the ground. The dragon looked to the helmet and then back to me, its pupils becoming a bit bigger in trust.

"Stop the fight," I heard my dad order, rising from his chair.

"No!" I protested. "I need you all to see this. They're not what we think they are. We don't have to kill them."

Murmurs of awe rose from the crowd. "I said stop the fight!" The chief yelled, banging his hammer against the iron barriers, making a dent. The Nightmare's eyes narrowed in warning, and it snapped at me. I gave a cry of surprise and stumbled back, only to scream and dart away from a column of flame. It chased me, and I heard Astrid call my name. She pulled the gate open just enough with her axe to get through. I dodged another fire blast, panicked. This was not going well. Astrid yelled my name again and pitched a hammer at the beast, hitting its head. It turned towards the girl, who sprinted out of the way.

Out of the corner of my eye I spotted my dad lifting up the gates with his bare hands. He motioned for us to come over. "This way!" He directed. Astrid ran for her life and followed hot on her heels. She made it to my dad and into safety; I was almost there. So close! Suddenly, a fireball blasted right in front of me, forcing me to swerve farther away from the gate. The Nightmare caught me and pinned me down with its claws, and I closed my eyes, preparing for death.

Unexpectedly, a familiar shriek sounded, and blasted through the chains on the ceiling. The Nightmare was thrown off of me, and I sat, amazed, watching the scene before me. Toothless was wrestling the other dragon, rooting for my safety. He stood before me, hissing and baring his fangs, not allowing the Nightmare to come anywhere near me. The red dragon scampered away and I rushed over to Toothless.

"All right Toothless, go, get out of here!" I said urgently, seeing the Vikings that were beginning to jump into the arena. The Night Fury refused to move as I pushed at it. "Go! Go!" I had no choice; I hopped on his back and hooked my feet into the saddle. The Vikings were almost here, and my stomach lurched. "Let's go Toothless!" We flew straight up, into the skies. My eyes were narrowed into determination as I heard the people below gasping and questioning if I was really riding this "thing".

"Yes, yes I am." I said, even though I knew no one could possibly hear me. Toothless and I spiraled downward towards the crowd. I knew for a fact that they didn't have their nets or anything that could possibly bring us down with them right now. We stopped about ten feet above the Kill Ring, where the people watched. We hovered there for a few moments, studying the Vikings faces, which were a mix of fear, amazement, and respect. I was stunned. I had been teased, insulted, and ignored. NEVER had I gotten respect. But I guess when your on the back of a Night Fury it gives you influence.

That's when I realized that right now, at this moment, I had POWER. I could KILL them all. Right now. I could make them pay for everything they've done, everything they've said. But I wouldn't.

Only an outcast would do that sort of thing. I am no outcast.

But I'm also no Viking.

I began to speak in a clear voice. "Vikings of Berk, listen to me." My nerves began to jangle up. I hadn't planned this; therefore I had no idea what to say. "These dragons aren't dangerous! We don't have to kill them. We can stop now, and try and help them from their enemy. And we are NOT the enemy." My voice was becoming stronger, and I could hear the influence lacing between my words. I leapt from Toothless's back, onto the ground. I landed on my feet, luckily. Pain shot up my legs, but I kept it concealed.

"We can help them! And if we can help them then they can help us! Think about it, no dragon raids, no stolen food supplies, no lives lost!" My mind was now easily creating my speech. "Peace between Viking and dragon! Man and beast! Living thing and living thing." I spoke the last bit in a softer tone, giving an effect.

My father stepped forward. Okay, this isn't going to end well. "You want us to befriend these-these-beasts?!" He yelled. "They've killed hundreds of us!"

My anger grew. "And we've killed thousands of them! They defend themselves because they have to! There's something else on their island, it's a dragon-like-"

"Their island! So you've been to the nest?" The chief looked menacing, scary even. The realization dawned on me.

"Did I say nest?"

"How did you find it?!" My dad demanded answers. My confident attitude wavered.

"What, no, I didn't! Toothless did! Only a dragon can find the island!" Suddenly, I could practically see the idea forming in my dad's head. My eyes widened. "Oh, no, dad, no please, you don't know what you're up against, it's like nothing you've ever seen!" Stoic turned to a nearby Viking, murmuring something to him, probably to prepare a dragon. "Dad please, I promise you you can't win this one! Dad no!"

He began to walk away from me. I CANNOT let this happen. I ran up to him and grabbed his arm. "For once in your life would you please just listen to me!" I practically screamed. My dad threw me back onto the stone flooring, my head hitting the floor with a crack. The Vikings gasped. He turned to look at me, my face reflecting shock.

"You're not a Viking," He stated. "You're not my son." He began to walk away again. For a moment, my face portrayed a flash of hurt and disbelief, but I quickly brushed it aside and narrowed my eyes as I stood up.

"I may not be your son, and you may not care, but I can't let you endanger everybody, and I'm going to do everything I can to stall you." I put my fingers to my lips and whistled. "TOOTHLESS!" I screamed. My Night Fury darted from above and I literally jumped onto his back as he swooped down. We shot up and swooped downward, and I prepared for the havoc that would come next. We shot a blue fireball

at one of the gates, releasing the dragon inside. With ease, we destroyed each one, and I watched as the now free dragons took to the skies, getting the freedom they'd desired for so long.

I smiled at them, and then looked down for a last glance at the Vikings, who were currently scrambling around in a panic, and my home. My eyes met Astrid's and she lifted her hand in a small wave. I raised mine too, and Toothless and I took to the skies, leaving Berk behind in a blur.

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><p>"Oh Thor, did we just do that?" I mumbled to myself, now on the verge of hyperventilating. Toothless looked up at me, concerned. "It's okay, Bud." I said, patting him on the head. He cooed and looked forward again while I focused on the skies. We stopped later on on a nearby island, sitting in a valley coated in green grass. I leaned against my Night Fury, put my head in my hands, and closed my eyes. I had made the biggest mess ever!<p>

"I've made up my mind. Everyone from Berk can sail to their deaths if they want to. Why do I care? They treated me like dirt for the past eight years. So they can do whatever they want. I don't care!" I softened, of course I cared. I had to save their stupid lives.

I slammed my fists to the ground and took a few deep breaths, cursing myself for being so weak-hearted. "Okay Toothless," I started. "My dad is going to find the nest no matter what, so we've got save lives here. He'll send out most of the tribe as soon as possible, I know that for a fact. We'll go to Berk tomorrow, and stall them, and then I guess we'll have to fight the Queen. The whole village depends on us, Bud. Sound like a plan?"

Toothless nodded eagerly. I smiled at him and scratched his head. Tomorrow the real havoc would start.

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><p>Toothless's paws dropped to the ground, barely making a sound. We had landed in the outskirts of the village, near the trees. The village most likely had a dragon attack last night and knowing my dad he probably captured one and is using it as a map. I could only hope they hadn't and I wasn't too late.<p>

"Okay, you ready, Bud?" I asked my dragon. He purred and nuzzled my knee. Warily, I stepped out into the sunlight, motioning for Toothless to stay put. "I'll be back, don't worry, Toothless, everything's gonna be fine." I surveyed my surroundings and sprinted across the field, where I could easily be spotted. I made my way to a stack of barrels and crouched behind them. Suddenly I felt a jolt of pain in my shoulder.

"Hiccup!" Somebody hissed, its voice low. I whirled my head around to see Astrid, gripping her axe. "Don't ever do that again! You scared me to death thinking you weren't going to come back! What are you doing back anyway?"

I stuttered. "Uh-well-I was-um-okay how do I explain this?" I pondered. "We need to destroy the dragon queen." I blurted. Astrid reeled back with a startled expression.

"Hiccup, we can't defeat that-that THING!" She protested.

"Astrid, have the Vikings already set out with a dragon?"

"Wellâ€¦"

"ASTRID!"

"Yes, they left early this morning." She answered, reluctant. I threw my hands up in the air.

"You have GOT to be kidding! Does the world hate me?!"

"More bad news. Everyone's with them except the young kids and some elders."

"Yup. The world hates me. Those people are sailing to their doom and it's all on MY conscience!"

Astrid sighed. "Hiccup, it's not your fault."

I turned away with my back towards her. "Yes it is! I was the one who told about the stupid dragon finding the island thing!" Astrid backed off for a minute, leaving a silence between us. After a while she began to speak in a quiet voice.

"You must feel horrible. You lost everything. Your father, your tribe, your reputation as a star dragon killer." She said.

"Thank you for summing that up." I said sarcastically, all my fight now gone.

"I guess you're right."

"About what?" I asked, no expression in my voice.

"Going to fight the Queen."

I turned back to her, startled. "You're agreeing with me?"

"Don't get used to it." She smiled softly. "You're going to make a great chief someday, Hiccup." Astrid leaned forward and kissed me right on the lips. My eyes widened but I willingly leaned in. When she pulled away I grinned.

"Let's go gather an army."

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><p><strong>Sooooooo? Did you like it? So you get the process right? This a What If, and the next one-shot I post will be a different What If, it won't be a continuation. Just wanted to clarify that. Review! ~Jess<strong>

## 2. Hiccup Had Died During The Battle?

\*\*Hello everybody! The second What-If is here! Thanks to "The

Magnetic Witch", "Guest", "Firestreak14" for reviewing:))! If any of you awesome readers have a suggestion for the next What If, please feel free to review and tell me! I'm always welcome to new ideas. Plus I really don't have an idea for the next What If...\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><span>What If...Hiccup Had Died During The Battle With The Red Death?<span>

The smoke hadn't even cleared before Stoic the Vast stumbled forward, in a vain attempt to find his only son.

"Hiccup!" He called. "Hiccup!" His shouts echoed around the close-to-destroyed mountain. The crowd of Vikings stood together in a disheartening silence. There wasn't a cheerful reply of 'I'm alive!', or a sarcastic answer the rider always offered up. Suddenly Stoic spotted a dark shape not too far away. He ran to it, recognizing it as his son's Night Fury. It was still and unmoving, and Stoic dropped to his knees. "Son, I'm so sorry." He murmured. A blonde girl shoved through the crowd in a desperate attempt to see Hiccup, and her face dropped when she saw the still Night Fury and kneeling chief.

"No!" She whispered, her voice barely audible. "No!" She repeated, this time louder as she dashed forward. The other teens, encouraged by her actions, followed her to the dragon's side. Astrid put her hands on Toothless' head, staring at his closed eyes. "Toothless?" She called, eyebrows creased with worry. A flicker of confusion ran through the other's minds. How would she know the dragon's name? They figured it wasn't the time to ask. Toothless didn't respond to Astrid, and she carefully stroked his wing. Gently she began fold it back into its normal position when it revealed something underneath. The scrawny Viking boy she knew and loved was lying there motionless. A gasp arose from the circle and the rest of the tribe, as they had somehow made their way up to the tiny group while Astrid was lost in her thoughts.

Stoic snatched the boy up in his arms, yanking off his helmet and tossing it carelessly to the side. He put the small Viking's head to his ear, trying desperately to hear even the faintest beat; a tiny signal to know he was alive. A strangled sob erupted from the broken chief, and Astrid shrieked in despair, burying her face in her hands. He couldn't be dead! Not Hiccup! she broke down in hysterics, pulling her knees up to her chest and hiding her face in them. Between the moisture coming from her eyes and loose strands of her hair, she could see the chief's silent tears. Fishlegs was bawling worse than her, Ruff was sobbing, and Snotlout and Tuffnut were shedding tears they weren't even trying to hide.

The rest of the village was a mixture. Some were quiet and tearless, their heads downcast, others were unashamedly sobbing, and some made no sound except for the salty liquid sliding down their faces. But everyone had the same feeling of guilt in their stomachs, for not trusting the young teenager, for not believing, for mocking him for his weaknesses and not being able to see his strengths.

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><p><strong>:'( Sad little chapter for you all. Review!

~Jess<strong>

End  
file.